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Conrad Walker 97

NECESSITIES.

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HE HAS A CADDY TO SMOKE AND A PARROT TO SWEAR FOR HIM.

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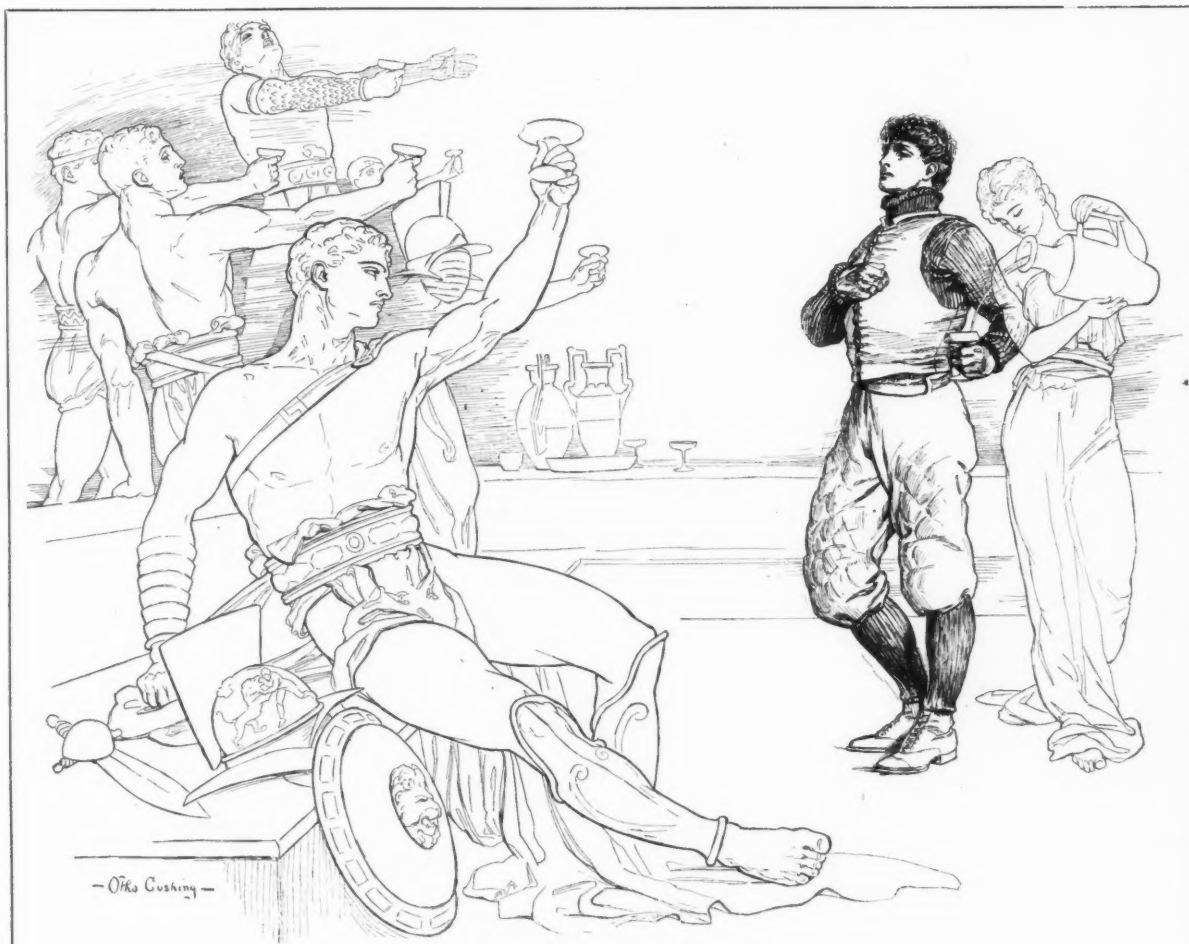
AND

ROAD WAGONS.

The Acknowledged Standard.

It having been brought to our notice that we are being confounded with a defunct concern formerly advertising a similar name, we would inform the public that we are still at the above location, where we have been for over twenty-five years.

·LIFE·



"WE WHO HAVE DIED SALUTE THEE!"

A Sad Case.

A MAN who resided in Me.,
Was fond of the works of Hall Ce.,
With a wide, vacant smile,
He said "They're good style;"
Alas! the poor man was in se.

Carolyn Wells.

A Brilliant Idea.

AS the curtain fell on the second act it was discovered that the theatre was on fire, and that the scenery loft was already a blaze of flames. The actors and stagehands were paralyzed with fear and a panic was imminent. But the manager, the man of infinite resource, was equal—nay, superior—to the occasion.

"Silence!" he roared. "Give no alarm, but save yourselves. I will save the audience."

Glancing at him admiringly, they all did as they were bidden.

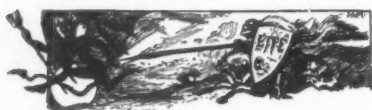
Stepping before the curtain, the manager made his best bow and spoke in his oiliest tones:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I regret that, owing to the sudden illness of the leading man, we will be unable to continue the performance. I beg that none of you will leave your seats, however, for it is the motto of this theatre always to give its patrons the worth of their money. Our beautiful and accomplished star, Miss

Tearson, has kindly consented to fill the remainder of the time with recitations. She will recite 'Beautiful Snow,' 'Curfew must not ring to-night,' and several other favorites. The curtain will rise again in five minutes."

With muttered curses the audience filed out in an orderly manner, and not until they read the morning papers did they know the death they had escaped.

IT is hard to tell whether it is easier for us to believe what we want to believe or for others to believe what we don't want them to believe.



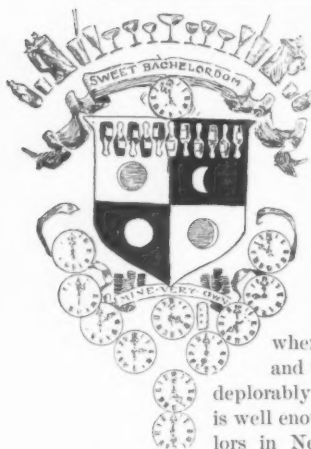
"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XXX. DEC. 9, 1897. No. 782.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance, postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single copies, 10 cents.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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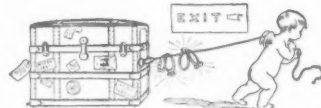
ONE of the ominous signs of the times in New York is the great increase of costly bachelor apartment houses. New ones are going up all the while; very handsome ones where rents are high and tenants are made deplorably comfortable. It is well enough that bachelors in New York should have due shelter and wholesome food, but the idea of providing for them as though their condition was anything better than a make-shift is very, very wrong.

Bachelors ought not to be very comfortable, and they certainly should not be allowed to pay more than a limited sum for rent. The sentiment of all well-regulated persons about them is that it is their duty to save money scrupulously until they get enough to marry on, and then to marry at once. It is well enough to let them belong to one or two clubs, for, of course, they must be kept off the street; but as for lodgings, the ideal arrangement would be that they should live in Mills' hotels, be kept out of their bedrooms daily from ten to five, and obliged to keep all their property in trunks or a locker.

The hall bedroom was a good institution in its day and helped to keep bachelors uneasy. No doubt it is in some measure still operative, but it is by no means the power for good that it was. Nowadays bachelors between

thirty and forty years old, earning money enough to support families, pamper themselves scandalously. They live in these expensive houses, have three or four rooms apiece, come and go, receive and entertain, all without restrictions or supervision, and are an aggravation and an offense to the more conscientious element in the community. It ought not to be so. No house should be suffered to advertise itself openly as a "bachelor apartment house," nor should licenses be issued to rent suites of comfortable rooms with hot and cold water and conveniences to bachelors at all. Bachelors should be disciplined and discouraged.

Every unmarried man over thirty years old, and not a lunatic or crippled, or charged with the support of a family, should be compelled to pay over all his income in excess of \$1,600 yearly to Tammany Hall, to be kept in a safe for a time pending amendment, and after ten years, if not previously redeemed by marriage, to be paid into the fund for providing shoes for children under ten years old and endowing poor but lovely spinsters. Bachelors in New York are too numerous and too flagrantly resigned; and, as for their lairs, the town is choked up with them. The police will realize presently that it is a mistake to let them scatter so, and that the wiser policy is to herd them together in a quarter by themselves, where they can be conveniently supervised, checked in unlawful courses, and kept out of miscellaneous mischief.



THE growing importance of the profession of diplomacy in this country is illustrated by the rumor that the President will advise through Ambassador White with Emperor William as to what course may properly be taken by Germany in the settlement of a claim which she has against Hayti. The rumor says that the President will warn the Emperor not to be too grasping, but rumor in this case is alleviated by what we know of the dispositions of the American statesmen concerned. We are satisfied that the Major is a man of peace and will not "rile" the Emperor with

unnecessary ebullitions, and we know that Ambassador White knows his business, and will act at his end of the cable with judgment and grace. So no one is exercised over any headline cries about a chance of trouble over Hayti, and the news that a Yankee warship is going to Port au Prince is calmly received, and has no effect on the price of stocks.



POSTMASTER GENERAL GARY is against the law which regulates second-class mail matter, and intends to keep up the fight against it which was started by Mr. Wilson of the preceding Administration. This is the law under which all weekly and monthly publications and newspapers are carried through the mail at the rate of a cent a pound. This law at present costs Uncle Sam about twenty-five million dollars a year, a very large part of which goes to facilitate the circulation of trash, advertising sheets, novels, and matter not originally intended to be covered by the law at all. A good bit of money, ten millions or so, can be saved by merely eliminating the grosser abuses of this law, leaving enough of it still in force to do all that was originally intended.



MR. CROKER has publicly admitted that in his opinion the Democratic leader in New York State is not the Honorable David B. Hill, but Senator Edward Murphy. It cannot be denied that Mr. Croker's opinion on Democratic State politics is important, and the idea that he has named Senator Murphy as the Democratic leader of the Empire State affords food for thought. There is hope for the Democracy in the possibility of having Messrs. Murphy, Croker and their like conspicuously in power. They are quantities the value of which can be easily and clearly estimated, and to have them where they can be seen and counted, and must be acknowledged, is wholesome as a means of helping New York Democrats to realize for what, at present, their organization stands.



She leaned her elbows against the top rail of the fence and looked.

A Five-Minute Friendship.

THEN I said, "And we are to be friends always, no matter what happens." We had shaken hands on it. "No matter what happens," she replied, looking off across the links toward the sun, which happened just then to be setting.

We both understood what "no matter what" meant, but neither cared to mention it. That was why she looked away.

I said, "When I am blue I can turn to you for sympathy and encouragement. It will be all right for me to do that, won't it?"

"Yes. And when I want your advice I shall send for you."

"I hope you will," I said. "Isn't it fine we're such good friends?" I looked at her.

"Isn't it," she said, looking at me with frank eyes. "Some people say men and girls can't be friends. It makes me so angry." I think she stamped her foot. She sometimes did, I know.

For awhile we were both silent. Some birds in the hedge were not. I do not know what kind they were, but they seemed such dear little birds. The sun sank lower.

"Well, my friend," I said. And then I laughed, though I do not know why.

She laughed, too, and said, "How-do-you-do, my friend."

"How are you, my friend," I said;

"my true friend," I added, and I think she liked that, for she blushed.

"Perhaps we had better start for the house," she said. "It's nearly time to dress."

She held a daisy in her hand. "I'll give you that," she said, gaily, "as a token of our friendship, if you want it."

I wanted it. She was laughing while I put the flower in my buttonhole; I thought it was unnecessary for her to do so, though I like her laugh. "Come, we must go," she said, energetically.

"Look," I said. I pointed at the place where the sun had been a moment before.

She leaned her elbows against the top rail of the fence and looked.

I leaned mine that way too.

For part of a minute we leaned thus. We two alone.

Then I glanced up and found her looking at me with big surprise in her eyes. She quickly looked away again, but she had seen what I was doing. I had been kissing the daisy she gave me—several times, I think. It was a foolish thing to do. Perhaps I blushed.

"Oh, look!" she said; "the fog is coming in from the sea."

But I did not look at the fog.

"You saw me," I said. "You saw what I did."

"It will soon reach us," she said.

"You saw what I did," I repeated. "I'm sorry you saw. But you did see. It's too late now." The sunset was glowing on her cheek; it was all I could see of her face. "I may as well tell you," I said, "that I'm afraid I'm no friend of yours. Why, I can't be a friend of yours. I won't be a friend of yours. It's all a big lie. You see through me now. I'm a hypocrite. Do you hate me?"

I could see only her left ear, and the hair with sunset in it. I wanted to see her eyes. I came nearer along the rail.

"Let's hurry home," she said. "I'm afraid of the fog. I do not hate you."

"No, do not 'let's hurry home.' I love you—"

"Ah, don't, my friend!" That was with a little gasp of fright.

"But," I said, "I am not your friend. Must I be?" I was trembling, I think.

"I don't know. Here comes the fog."

She did not move.

"But I know," I said. The rail was shaking, I remember. "You aren't afraid of the fog, are you? Please look at me."

"No, I'm not afraid."

She looked at me for the first time since she caught me with the daisy, long ago. Then the fog came down around us, us two alone.

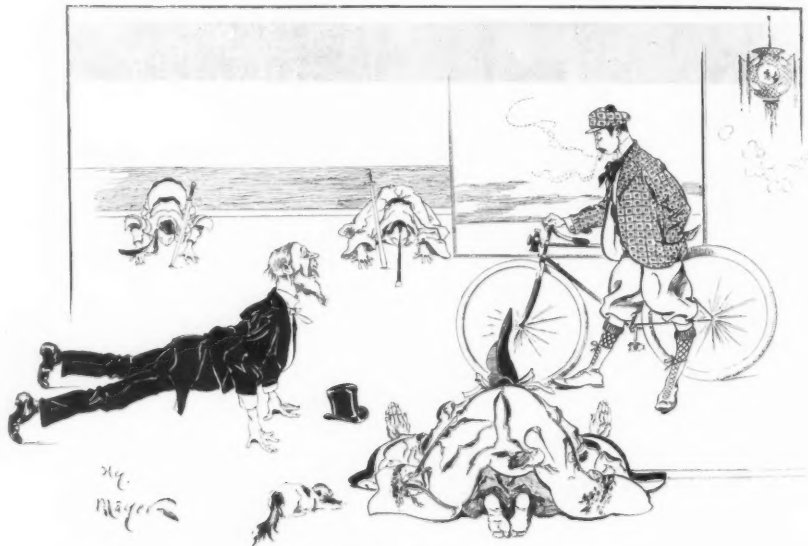
And that was the end of our friendship, our poor little friendship down by the links, that was to last forever. Are you not sorry for our friendship? But we are not. *Jesse Lynch Williams.*



CIVILIZATION THE LEVELLER.



"HE APPROACHES! HIS CELESTIAL MAJESTY, THE—"



MIKADO!"

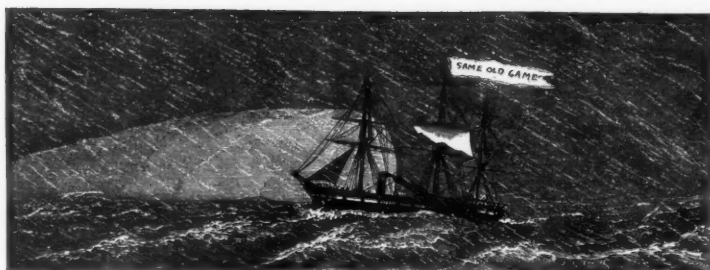
Society.

ABOUT every man and woman with any claim to social recognition was present, unless kept away by mourning or absence from the city. Among the beautiful young matrons present were Mrs. Newbold Pusher, Mrs. Royal Rayment, Mrs. Olwaiz Thayer, Mrs. Lord Howe Stunning and Mrs. J. Gadding-Gadding.

brilliant incident of the week was the concert at the Castoria, on Monday night. Mrs. Bonds Tooburn, in a gorgeous gown of velvet and satin and wearing many of her famous jewels, had with her in her box Mrs. Ollfur Show, who looked remarkably well in a gown of rose pink. Among others in the audience were Mr. and Mrs. Kommunbut Innitt, Mr. and Mrs. Buxham Roobiz, and Mr. and Mrs. Richern Mudd. Mrs. Muchinprint entered late, also wearing costly clothing.

Mr. and Mrs. Van Damm Expense will give a ball in January.

The most important and most



LIFE'S POLAR EXPEDITION.—Nearing Boston.

Life's Polar Expedition.

PROFESSOR HORNBLOWER, with his noble army of epicureans, is rapidly nearing the Pole. He is now in the vicinity of Boston. The *Same Old Game* continues to throw off carrier-pigeons, and every day they arrive with fresh news.

It is necessary at this stage to correct a low murmur of disapproval which has been gaining ground in some quarters. Some enemy of the Professor, in an endeavor to undermine his future reputation and to cut down his receipts, has started the rumor that he is really an American citizen. Knowing how fatal such an impression would be, how absolutely uninteresting to American audiences the Professor would become, LIFE hastens to give the facts.

Professor Hornblower is an undoubted foreigner. He was born in the Fourth Ward, New York, on one side of Scandinavian parentage and on the other side North of Scotland. Not only this, but he speaks in dialect, thus disproving all attempts to criticise his nativity. We hope this question will not be raised again, as it reflects upon the Professor's honor. He knows but too well that if this statement could be proved against him, all hopes of a successful lecturing tour would have to be abandoned.

The latest news from the *Same Old Game* is as follows:

Nov. 30.—Yesterday afternoon, while standing by the wind E. N. E., with royals set, hatches battened down, and the chief cook in charge of the quarterdeck, I went below, and strolling through the wine cellar discovered that there were only two hogsheads of brandy left. We immediately brought her about, and put into Plymouth in distress.

Dec. 1.—At anchor in Plymouth. I sent the crew ashore to get more



Securing more brandy for the *Same Old Game*.

grand discoverer and hero, and afterwards trade on this advertisement to write books and lecture. You stock your ship with provisions, make an easy and delightful trip to the Pole, and, leaving behind you able lieutenants to see that you are well advertised, you finally return in triumph, with the whole American public at your feet. You have done absolutely nothing of real benefit to anyone, you have contributed nothing to science, and yet you will be hailed on your return as the greatest man of the age. You are a fraud, sir."

I looked at him sternly for a moment, and replied:

"Well, sir, have I said that I wasn't?"

"You acknowledge it, then?"

"Most certainly. Did you ever know an Arctic explorer who wasn't willing to admit it? Even the great Nansen asks publicly what difference it made whether he got a few miles nearer the Pole or not."

"Then who is to blame?"

I took him gently by the arm.

"My dear sir," I said, "it's the American public. Can't you see that they expect some fraud to run after? It makes no difference what the fraud is, as long as he is a foreigner and has done something that appeals to the imagination. In this respect the North Pole is a perfect Klondike. You mustn't criticise me. I'm engaged in making an honest living."

Tooter Loud was silent for a time, but I



Instrument by which Professor Hornblower was enabled to multiply visual rays in the observation of Arctic phenomena.



Commander Hornblower leaves the ship near Boston.

knew I had convinced him, and that, hereafter my mission would be understood.

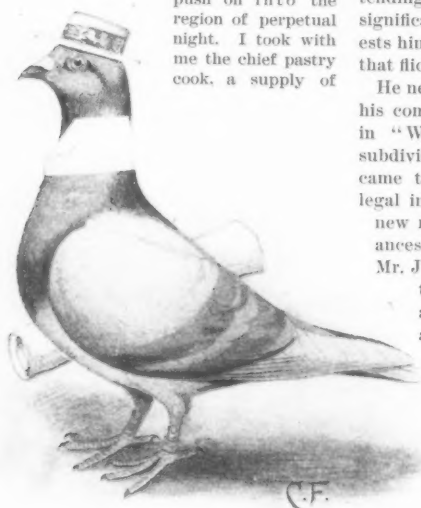
Dec. 3.—Tooter Loud devised yesterday an instrument for multiplying visual rays. It is simple, and will be of great benefit. He is developing the right spirit.

Dec. 5.—The message sent yesterday was tied by mistake to one of Mrs. Hornblower's pigeons, and she got it. This morning I received a telegram saying she would join us by the first train. I immediately ordered up all steam and proceeded to sea.

Dec. 6.—Miss Belle Bunker, my typewriter, is still with me.

Dec. 7.—This morning we were shut in by the ice, being near Boston, so I got out the sledges and provisions to last a few days and left the

Same Old Game, to push on into the region of perpetual night. I took with me the chief pastry cook, a supply of



The Fool Carrier-Pigeon who went to Mrs. Hornblower by mistake.

cold birds and bottles, a fur-lined overcoat, and left the ship in charge of Miss Belle Bunker. I shall miss the open fireplaces and the meals at all hours, but Science is a stern mistress and must be obeyed.

Reclaimed.

IT appears that the recent purchaser of Mrs. Langtry's yacht, *White Lady*, is the same gentleman—Mr. Lawson Johnson—who recently bought the Prince of Wales's *Britannia*. Anyone who wonders for what purpose Mr.



Why "Maisie" Isn't Worth While.

THERE are lots of things that Henry James does superlatively well—and first among them is the ability to spin cobwebs with the English language. He can take bludgeon-like words and put an edge on them as fine as a razor. When he has finished playing with a delicate situation you are made to feel that he was not intending to give you the full effect of the significant emotion. The thing that interests him supremely is the minor emotions that flicker around a great one.

He never invented a better situation for his complicated art than the one involved in "What Maisie Knew" (Stone). The subdivision of parental responsibility that came to be *Maisie's* portion through the legal intervention of a divorce court, two new marriages and several irregular alliances, is a psychological problem in which Mr. James fairly revels. The problem is to discover *Maisie's* "moral sense" after having spent her childhood in a constant migration from parents to step-parents, to lovers, and to mistresses. The child is made the respectable pretext for many strange households. The tragedy of her position, of which the child is unconscious, is the only deep and permanent quality in one of the most vague, disagreeable and enigmatical productions of the usually pellucid mind of Mr. James.

THE patient reader, even though an admirer of Mr. James's art, will feel at the end of the story that it was not worth

while. It is analysis, innuendo and irony spun to the breaking point. The gossamer webs gleam brightly here and there in the sunlight, but vanish into thin air.

The situations, the characters and the "moral predicament" are all there—original, daring, and human. Compressed into the clear-cut episodes of the same author's "A London Life," the story would have been an artistic triumph.

But prolixity is fatal to the success of the literary juggler. The trick must be done quickly or the illusion fails.

"Maisie" is simply dull—intelligently, artistically, analytically dull—and that is the best that can be said for it.

* * *

"THE Workers" (Scribner), by Walter A. Wyckoff, has been so much discussed as a daring achievement in the study of social conditions, that its merits as a literary production are perhaps neglected. Its appearance in book form makes very evident that if it were the creation of fancy, instead of the careful record of fact, it would make its way simply as a literary achievement. The effect is mainly wrought by simplicity and the rigid exclusion of details that can be taken for granted. Each experience is made to stand out clearly to the reader's imagination by the author's wonderful choice of the significant detail. He never aims at dramatic effect, and he seldom generalizes. But by knowing exactly what to omit he makes every episode count.

That sort of forceful simplicity is the result of the hardest kind of intelligent effort.

Droch.

Wonderful.

BRIGGS: I wasn't called on at the dinner last night until the end of the second hour.

GRIGGS: What did you do?

"Why, I immediately rose to my feet."
"How did you do it?"

SELF-RESPECT is a good deal like one's appendix—you scarcely know you've got it till it's gone.

M. Ysaye.

IT is a genuine pleasure to chronicle the advent from another shore of a distinguished man who is not a novelist, or a Polar explorer, and has no other claim to greatness but violin playing.

LIFE welcomes M. Ysaye and invites a critical inspection of his portrait, which appears on the opposite page. In this picture the great virtuoso is shown just before he appears before an audience.





M. YSAÏE.



OUR OLD FRIEND T
IN HIS GREAT CHARACTER, 22



FRIEND THE OCTOPUS.

ACTER, THE THEATRICAL TRUST



The Princess and the Butterfly.



FROM the title, one might imagine Mr. Pinero's latest play was something in the nature of a fairy tale. It is not even so primitive a form of fiction as that. It is no story, and has none. The leading woman of the piece—for it can hardly be called a play—is a *Princess Rannonia*, and in a moment of persiflage she calls her counterfoil, *Sir George Lamorant*, a social butterfly. Hence the title, which is quite as appropriate as much that occurs during the five acts into which the performance is divided.

First-night audiences in New York are rather expert in things theatrical and can scent a plot quickly. After three acts of the P. and the B. no one in the audience had yet detected the slightest symptom of one. A large number of people had been on the stage, and there had been considerable talk, but not a thing to indicate what it was all about.

Someone hazarded the guess that in the next act Miss Opp would tie Miss Mannering to a railway track, and that Mr. Hackett would rescue her just before a real railroad train dashed across the stage. Someone else thought that it was all leading up to the mad scene from "King Lear," with Felix Morris in the title part. Others believed that the climax would be a recitation of "Curfew shall not toll to-night," by Miss Katharine Florence; but no such exciting thing happened. In fact nothing happened, except Mr. Hackett with his arm in a polka-dot sling and pretty Miss Mannering in a harlequin costume. There was some suggestion of a duel, but if it occurred it was over in Twenty-fourth Street or Madison Square, where the audience could not see it.

What the piece really amounted to was some effective groupings, and entrances and exits of actors and actresses attired in handsome and correct costumes of our own day, some more or less entertaining dialogue, and some excellently arranged stage pictures. Mr. Pinero evidently proceeded on the theory that a great many people never have a chance to see good society itself, and are consequently willing to pay to see its counterfeit produced on the stage. Therefore he has studied his details closely, and there is no fault to be found with the fidelity of his reproduction, even to its absolute inanity. The pictures are pleasing and innocuous ones, the types are perfectly conventional, even in the unconventionality of some of them, and people who wish to see waxworks of this sort get just the kind of entertainment they want.

Miss Julie Opp was the novelty of the occasion. She is a statuesque and comely young person, who wears her good clothes not badly. Her acting does not fit her so well as her gowns, and she evidently views her art in the same light—a thing not part of herself, but to be put on and off at will. Her work shows more affectation than sincerity, notwithstanding the fact that she possesses by right of nature all the main accessories—voice, looks, grace, and carriage. In the part of *Sir George*, Mr. Hackett

has toned himself down and is less stagey than he was last season, for which the public should be grateful. Miss Mannering does acceptably a dialect part which is not exactly suited to her abilities. Mr. Felix Morris has loosened up his brakes, and gets along in an amusing character bit at a rate which really does not tire his audience. The rest of the large cast does its rather unimportant work well. The stage settings are really beautiful, and the costumes are what they should be in pictures of good society.

ONE of New York's daily newspapers has at last waked up to the fact that there is such a thing as a Theatrical Trust, and that its existence is an undesirable thing. The Trust will doubtless order its advertising out of that publication, as it has out of others which did not get down and grovel at its command. What a blessing it would be if the Trust ordered its advertising out of all the dailies! Then the public might get some honest opinions about plays without being obliged to look to the weekly press for them.

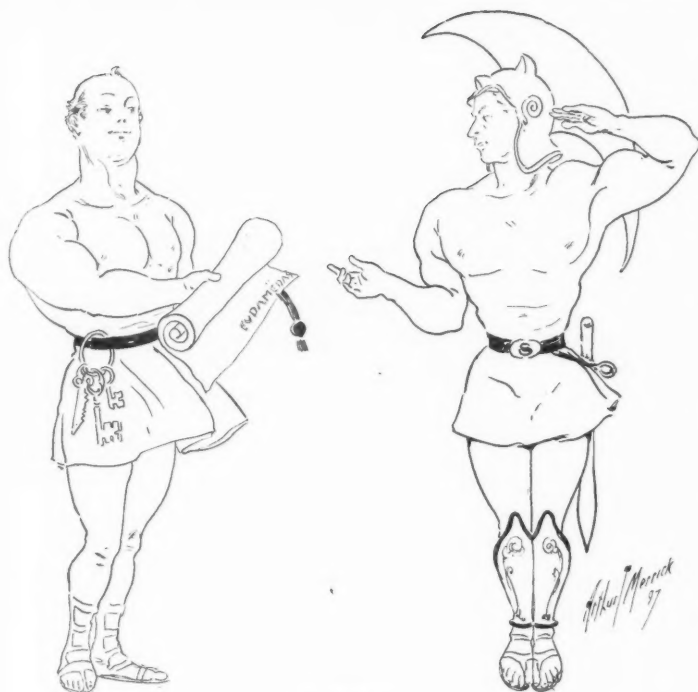
FEW artists are great enough to play in one language while the supporting company uses another. Alexandra Viarda is certainly not one of them. In fact she couldn't be great in any circumstances—on the stage. There may be walks of life in which she could appear to advantage, but it would be most invidious to mention them, as she asks to be considered only as an actress. There are fifty-three reasons why she should not be considered as an actress, and the first of these is that she can't act. It is not necessary to mention the others, as she will probably not long be on the American stage, unless she is willing to put on the robes of the late Count Joannes.

Metcalf.



HARD HIT.

Miranda (oh! so deeply in love): I CAN'T STAND THIS SUSPENSE NO LONGER! ASK HER IF all MARRIAGES IS FAILURES.



IN SPARTA.

Keeper of the Palace: HERE IS AN ORDER FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF THE STATUES OF THE KING'S PARENTS.

Lieutenant: IMPOSSIBLE!

"EVEN SO. IT IS THE COMMAND OF THE KING. HE WISHES TO GET EVEN WITH THEM FOR NAMING HIM EUDAMEDAS."

INSURANCE AGENT: Before filing the claim, will you be kind enough to give me a certificate of your husband's death, madame?

THE NEW WIDOW: With pleasure.



"WITH ONE BOUND THE COPSE HE CLEARED."
—Lady of the Lake.

Such Is Life.

A SOLO it had been,
Those happy years; and yet
It was not thus always
I started a Duet.
Oh, glorious harmony!
Sweet songs were those Duets,
And not so very bad
The Trios and Quartets.
But Heaven help me; now,
When heights of song I
mount,
I'm only one among
A Chorus I can't count.

Likely.

A STROLOGER: Where were you born?

STRAWBER: Philadelphia.

"What time were you born?"

"In the daytime, I think. I know all the family were asleep."



"WELL, JACK FROST CAN DISPORT HIMSELF IN THIS SECTION TILL I GET BACK."

IS there not something a little hysterical about the proposal of Mr. David Christie Murray to start a national subscription in England to erect a statue of George Washington in London? There is abundant reason for Britishers to be proud of our George as a hero of English descent, and as a product, in great measure, of English traditions. That his portraits and effigies should interest Englishmen is entirely reasonable, but a public monument to him is another matter. There was a great man who did a good turn of vast importance to Great Britain but whose services, so far as LIFE remembers, have never been adequately commemorated in London. Start a monument to Julius Caesar, Mr. Murray, and the Americans will chip in.

A Good Shelter.

"**C**OME right in, boys. Come right in. The roof ain't plumb tight, but by humpin' yourself real close you can dodge the streams an' keep good an' dry."

We had been on herd when the storm came up, and we struck for the old wolfer's shack. With the rain streaming through the roof the interior did not look particularly inviting, but the old man's tone was cordial, and it was thicker outside. We entered.

Wolfer King gave us some skins and we made a bed beneath a bunk across the room, covered with poles which helped to shed the rain. The water fell upon his hat and dripped from the brim as he sat before the fire blazing in the mud chimney in the corner.

"Fellers," he remarked, "I do like to hear the rain a-patterin' on the roof. It sounds so homelike. Just think o' the poor fellers that are out in this!"

He must have sat there all night. We

fell asleep watching the drops glistening on his hat-brim. Just at daybreak he awoke us.

"Fellers," said he, "the storm appears to have quit, so we'd best go outside. It'll rain for a week in here."

Wm. Bleasdel Cameron.

Stubborn Presbyterians.

THE retirement from the Presbyterian Church of another Princeton professor is threatened as a consequence of the petition for a license of the Princeton Inn. Professor Rockwood, of the Princeton School of Sciences, is the culprit. He is an elder in a Presbyterian Church, and if the prohibition of connivance at the liquor traffic is sound doctrine it applies to him. No spirit of compromise is discernible among the parties to this fight. The anti-license and anti-liquor party seems to be very strong among the Presbyterians, and very confident of the strength and propriety of its position. Its sentiment is that Princeton must yield to authority or take the consequences.



The Discreet Maiden.



HE had carefully planned for the occasion when he intended to ask her the question that meant so much to him. He had loved her ardently from the day he had first seen her, and had been prodigal in his attentions. Then, she was one of those shrinking, timid creatures, always afraid of taking a step which might not be quite the proper thing. Yet she was charming beyond compare; and to Delancy, her eyes spake love always. He felt sure that his love was reciprocated, yet he would take no chances.

Finally, the night came when he knew he must speak. Everything was as he had arranged, and the surroundings were propitious. They had been promenading on the broad veranda, and now he led her to a secluded part, with just sufficient foliage to break the full force of the glorious moonlight. He was dressed with scrupulous care, and his linen was immaculate. Never had he looked so handsome; and she—ah! words could not describe her beauty, nor artist paint it, thought Delancy; never before had she appeared so charming.

Delancy spoke, albeit abruptly. "Maud, dear," he said, "I have loved you ever since I saw you. I have only lived since then. I know I am not worthy of you, but your love is the world to me. I shall do all and be all to you. Maud, dearest, do you love me? Gladden my heart forever and be mine."

She was about to throw herself into the arms which were ready to catch her, when she straightened herself and murmured in liquid tones, "Won't you wait eight months for my answer?"

"Eight months!" gasped Delancy. "You can't mean—you don't—"

"Six months, then," she said.

"But why wait at all? Don't you love me, Maud?"

"Yes, darling," she replied, gently, "but I never take an important step without first writing to the editor of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and the reply is never printed in less than six months."

William Sampson.

ASKIM: Does literature pay?
TELLUM: Well, the Jews are beginning to go into it.

Lazyman's Land.

COME, drop your work, dear, and give me your hand,
I'll lead you away into Lazyman's Land.
Lazyman's Land! Where the loitering breeze,
Listlessly dallying, stirs in the trees
Faint little murmurs of love and of ease,
In Lazyman's Land!

Everything happens there just as we've planned,
For dreams all come true in Lazyman's Land.
Work does itself, while we idle at pleasure,
Wearing never of joy without measure,
No thought of duty and no need of treasure,
In Lazyman's Land!

All that the hungriest heart can demand
Waits for your taking in Lazyman's Land.
Hopes, there, so honest they cannot deceive,
Blisses that make one forget how to grieve,
The love that we long for is ours—believe!—
In Lazyman's Land!

Maud Hosford.

GOVERNMENT reports say that Uncle Sam's revenues are increasing. Persons who have not yet bought their winter flannels may presently have grounds on which to base a surmise as to where the money is coming from.



AUGUST UETTERMANN



"YOU'RE LATE, YOUNG MAN. WHAT'S THE REASON?"

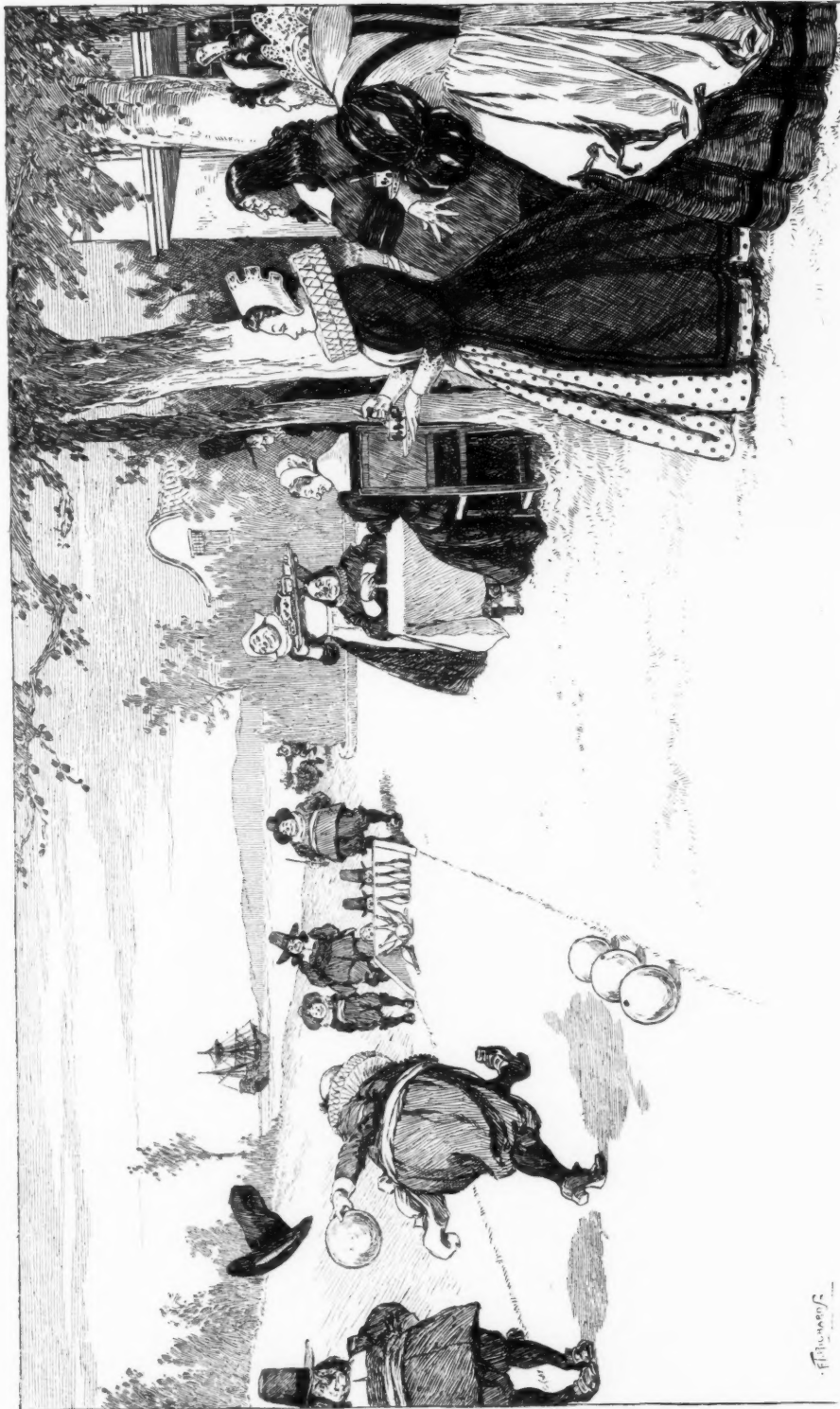
"HAD A TOOTHACHE."

"AH! HAS THE TOOTH STOPPED ACHING?"

"DUNNO."

"WHAT? DON'T KNOW? WHY DON'T YOU KNOW?"

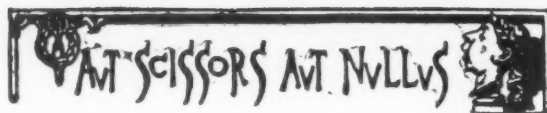
"'CAUSE IT'S PULLED."



ON THE BANKS OF THE HUDSON.

Those "H's."

IT appears there has been a suspicion at New Haven that the historic relinquishment of "H's" by the Harvard football team after the game with Yale was a reflection on Yale, as implying that a team that could not beat Yale was disgraced. A Yale graduate named Osborn—"Colonel Osborn, Yale '80"—was quoted, in the New York *Herald* of November 27, as expressing Yale sentiment in a lot of ill-advised remarks to the effect that Harvard had put upon Yale "a deliberate insult which demands an explanation," and that John Harvard owed Eli Yale an apology. Of all preposterous notions, this seems the most strange. LIFE learns from a source that ought to be trustworthy that the relinquishment of the "H's" by the Harvard players, which has been reported to have been a measure of discipline devised by coaches, was really a voluntary impulse of the players themselves, who considered that they had missed an opportunity in the game with Yale. That Harvard did not grieve so sorely over the defeat by Pennsylvania was due to the fact that Pennsylvania is not Yale, and that the Harvard players were felt to have done their very best against Pennsylvania, whereas they were not satisfied with their efforts in the other game. For any Yale man to find a grievance in the dropping of those "H's" is much less excusable than the act the supposed grievance is based on. Football players, after a hard game, are very emotional creatures, and should be leniently judged; but graduates, when they talk in the hearing of newspapers, ought to make a sincere effort to talk sense.



LADY MARJORIE GORDON, daughter of Lord Aberdeen, is the editor of *Wee Willie Winkle*, a juvenile magazine, and has just received from Mr. Kipling the following skit for her publication:

There was once a small boy in Quebec,
Who was buried in snow to the neck.

When asked: "Are you friz?"

He replied: "Yes, I is;

But we don't call this cold in Quebec."

From which it would appear that the outcry in Canada concerning "Our Lady of the Snows" has had no effect on Mr. Kipling.—*Westminster Gazette*.

THERE were five or six of us on the hotel veranda, and when Major Hillson was seen coming up the street a boy was ordered to bring out a glass of water for every sifter. We were sipping the beverage when the major halted at the steps and looked up, and Captain Chisholm, who was the only one who knew him, called out:

"Mawnin' to yo', majah—I hope I see yo' well?"

"Mawnin', captain," was the reply; "mawnin' to all."

"It's a hottish day, majah," continued the captain, as he raised his glass.

"Yes, rather hottish," replied the major, as he peered at the glasses and a puzzled look came over his face.

"Won't yo' come up and join us?"

"I was going over to the compress, but I am in no powerful hurry."

The major came up the steps, was introduced to each of us in turn, and as he sat down the captain said to the young negro:

"Heah, boy, bring Majah Hillson a glass."

A glass of water was brought out and placed on a table at the major's elbow. He carefully inspected it for

a long, long minute, and then looked around at the other glasses. Then he lifted his glass and said:

"Captain Chisholm, the contents of this glass seem to me to be water—nothing but water."

"Jest plain water," replied the captain.

"And yo' ar' drinking plain water yo'self?"

"I am, sah."

"And these other gentlemen—they are drinking plain water?"

"Jest plain water, majah."

"Captain Chisholm," said the major, as he put down his glass and rose to his feet, "is there a report that the cotton crop has failed?"

"Not that I have heard of, sah. Cotton crop seems to be all right, majah."

"Has the State of Alabama repudiated her obligations?"

"Not that I know of."

"Anything wrong with corn, oats, peanuts and tobacco?" continued the major.

"Nothing wrong, suh—not that I've heard of," answered the captain. "Do yo' suspect anything wrong, majah?"

"Yes, sah; I do."

"And will yo' kindly explain?"

"I will, sah. When I find Captain Chisholm, a true son of the South, drinking plain water, out of a plain glass, surrounded by a mob who are also drinking plain water, out of plain glasses, it strikes me that the glorious South is on the eve of a great calamity, so I had better get along to the compress and do my business with Kernel Skellings! Gentlemen, excuse my abrupt departure, and yo' can divide the contents of this glass between yo'!"

—*Atlanta Constitution*.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Colonial Verses. By Ruth Lawrence. New York: Brentano's.

More Beasts (for Worse Children). Illustrated. London and New York: Edwin Arnold.

What Dress Makes of Us. By Dorothy Quigley. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

The Man of Last Resort. By Melville Dairsson Post. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Tragedy of Ages. By Isabella M. Witherspoon. London and New York: F. Tennyson Neely.

"I WANT," said the recently married man in the novelty store, "a lady's belt."

"Yes, sir," said the polite shop empress. "What size?"

A blush mantled the customer's brow, and he swallowed twice in rapid succession. Then he said:

"I don't know exactly. Let me have a yardstick, please."

And as he placed it along the inside of his arm, from shoulder to wrist, the shop empress remarked beneath her breath to her chum: "He ain't the fool he looks, is he, Jenny?"—*Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune*.

"It's a shame," said Mr. Faraway, as he borrowed a lead pencil from his wife, "that people have so little compassion about wasting a man's time."

"What is the matter?"

"A man has just insisted on interrupting me in the midst of a game of chess in order to pay me some money he owed."—*Washington Star*.

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'Twas ever thus since childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay.
I never opened a bottle of OLD CROW RYE,
But that it's the first to pass away.

Nothing remarkable about that, it only shows that his friends were people of taste and knew what was good. His friends will stand by him as long as the OLD CROW RYE lasts : : : : :

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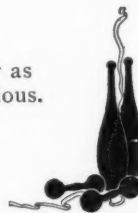
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Good
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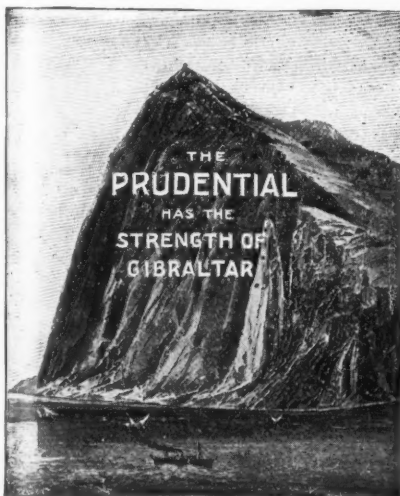
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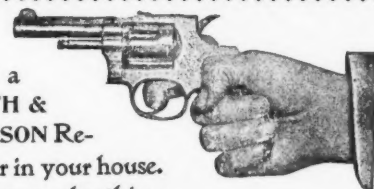
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KAISER WILLIAM.

"You are young, Kaiser William," the old man said,
"And your knowledge of music is nil,
And yet you conducted an ode that you made—
What gave you this wonderful skill?"
"In my childhood," the Kaiser replied, with a smile,
"My own little trumpet I'd blow,
And as I continued the practice, I style
Myself a musician, you know."

"You are young," said the sage, "as I mentioned
before,
And have never yet been in a fight,
But somehow you lecture your soldiers on war—
Do you think at your age it is right?"
"In my childhood," the Kaiser replied to the sage,
"I sat on some soldiers of tin,
And the knowledge I gained at that critical stage
Has helped me my lectures to spin."

"You are young," said the sage, "and your hands
are unused
To drawing with pencil or paint,
Yet you knocked off a poster which greatly amused
The public—it seems very quaint."
"As a child," said the Kaiser, "I painted the door
Of my nursery crimson and green,
And, if that wasn't Art, I have never before
Been told so—by artists, I mean."

"You are young," said the sage, "and the ruling of
men,
Of course, is a difficult task.
Although you are getting on nicely, but when
Will you govern yourself, may I ask?"
"I have answered three questions, and that is
enough,"
Said the Kaiser, "and if you assail
My rights as a Heaven-born Ruler as stuff
And nonsense, I'll put you in jail."

—Pick-Me-Up.

FLORIDA AND THE SOUTH.

New service to Augusta and Aiken via Southern
Railway. Limited leaves New York 4.20 P. M. Fast
mail 12.05 A. M., daily. The route of the Florida
Limited New York to St. Augustine. For informa-
tion call on or address Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern
Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, N. Y.

A GENTLEMAN talking to a friend about the an-
tiquity of his family, which he carried up to Noah,
was told that he was a mere mushroom. "Ah!"
said he; "how so, pray?" "Why," replied the
other, "when I was in Wales, a pedigree of a particu-
lar family was shown to me; it filled about five
large skins of parchment, and near to the middle of
it was a note in the margin, 'About this time the
world was created.'"—Argonaut.

A YOUNG lady of Buffalo who wanted something
that would keep her stockings up where they be-
longed, thus addressed the terror-stricken young
store clerk:

"It is my desire to obtain a pair of circular elastic
appendages capable of being contracted and ex-
panded by means of oscillating burnished steel ap-
pliances that sparkle like particles of gold leaf set
with Alaska diamonds and which are utilized for
keeping in position the habiliment of the lower ex-
tremities which innate delicacy forbids me to men-
tion."—Buffalo (Wyo.) Voice.

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—wear KNOX HATS.

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- "State House, Boston, Bulfinch front, dedicated 1795."
- "Old South Church. Tea Party met here 1773."
- "Old North Church, Salem st. Paul Revere's Lanterns were displayed here 1775."
- "Green Dragon Tavern, Union st., Boston, styled by Dan'l Webster the Headquarters of the Revolution. Also the Grand Lodge of Free Masons first met here."
- "King's Chapel, Boston, built 1686, rebuilt 1754."
- "Old Feather Store, North and Ann sts., 1680 to 1868."
- "Old Sun Tavern, Faneuil Hall square, 1680 to 1895."
- "Old Boston Theatre, cor. Federal and Franklin sts., 1794."
- "Faneuil Hall, 'Cradle of Liberty,' built 1742."
- "Site of Adams House, Boston, 1845 Lamb Tavern, 1746."
- "Boston Common and State House, 1836."
- "Harbor view of Boston from a map of 1768."
- "Old Brick Church, 1713, site of Joy's, now Rogers', Building."
- "State Street and Old State House, 1883."
- "Adjacent Lean-to Houses in Quincy, Mass., each of which was the birth-place of a President of the United States."
- "The Public Library, Boston, 1895."
- "Trinity Church, Boston, 1895."
- "Mount Vernon, 1892, the Home of Washington."
- "1743, Independence Hall, Philadelphia, 1893, where the Independence of the U. S. was declared July 4, 1776."

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comes sooner to the shirt that's made of poor material. When you buy a Neglige shirt or laundered shirt of fancy pattern, make sure that the material was made by

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 "SAY, MISTER, HOW MUCH FER FIVE HUNDRED?"



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